

# THE WONDERFUL TRANCE;

O R,

## The French King in a DREAM.

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The Happy Arrival of King WILLIAM into ENGLAND.

*See Preface.*

*22. Oct. 1692.*

**G**IVE Ear, give Ear, to what I do relate,  
With dreadful Sighs; O sad and dreadful

(Fate!

That I so long have liv'd in Honour great,  
And now at last with Shame forc'd to retreat;  
Who made no thought (by War) but out of hand,  
To Conquer all the Habitable Land;  
Enlarge my Borders, yea, and King to be  
O're the whole World, to all Eternity:  
What rage, what madness, now I undergo,  
That I should prove *France's* final overthrow?  
O how the thoughts of that suppress my Heart  
With tortur'd grief, yea, with a darting smart!  
My warlike Men, they lay their Honours down,  
Which forces me to be of no Renown;  
My Captains love the Runegado's Race,  
And durst not look King WILLIAM in the Face;  
My Centinels are drove from place to place,  
Alas! I am quite ruin'd with disgrace;  
What ere I do, or take in hand, or see,  
It still falls cross unto my Majesty;

My Foes turn'd Friends, my Friends turn'd Foes  
(again,

Till I was quite forsaken on the Main:  
With *England* great, a Peace I would fain make,  
Which makes my Crown and Sceptre sore to shake;  
My Subjects dread Men born in English Land,  
For when they come, we cannot them withstand;  
Who with Prosperity do still abound,  
My Royal Robes to level with the Ground;  
My self to Death commit: I plainly see,  
Appear the day of my Mortality:  
Yea, lest my Sorrows may example need,  
They will the *Trojan* Miseries exceed;

For my Birth-day, lest Comfort I should see,  
Was black with Clouds, and foul as foul may be:  
I now am tortur'd with a Conscious Guilt,  
For Blood by me too often hath been spilt,  
That now for Vengeance cries; yea, Innocent,  
By which God's Wrath to punish me is bent:  
To many Souls have I an Object been  
To leave this World, ere half their days were seen,  
Which me disturbs; yea, in the silent Night,  
With Ghostly Shades, they do my Sleep affright;  
Do what I can, before my Face they flee  
And shriek; in no place can I quiet be.  
Smart Stripes do sound before me, Hell-brands sinoak,  
Twisted with Snakes, my wicked Soul to choak;  
They witness unto me, yea, day by day,  
When dead, I shall be snatched quite away  
To Parts far distant, from th' *Elysian* Coast,  
With damned Shades, shall dwell my horrid Ghost:  
I am Deceit, Deceitful is my Name;  
When Bears their Natures change, then I my frame;  
When *Paris* shall in *England* planted be,  
When Fish build Nests on every Bough and Tree,  
When raging Seas without a rowling Wave,  
Then I'll enjoy what I shall never have:  
Ere this will be, ere *Ethiops* to white turn,  
My Body must resort toth' silent Urn,  
My Bones shall rest no where, but secret Cries  
Shall me torment, in endless Miseries;  
Whilst Great King *William* triumphs here on Earth,  
Will Crowned be with everlasting Mirth;  
His Soul to Heaven, Angels safe will bring  
To God; there Hallelujahs for to sing,  
To him who was, who is, and 'ere will be,  
The King of Kings to all Eternity.